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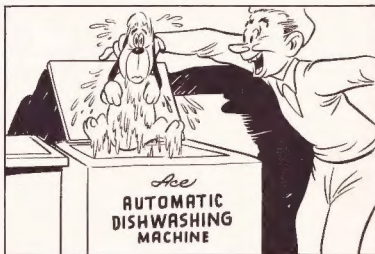
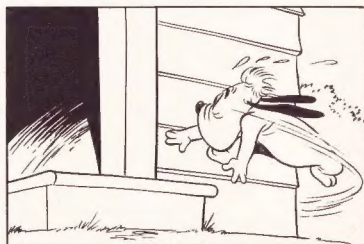
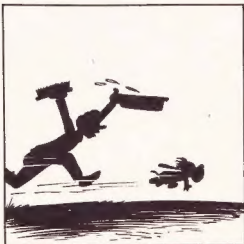
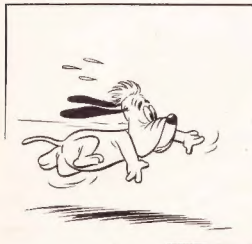
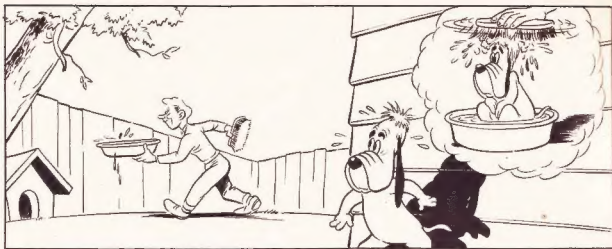
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TOM & Jerry COMICS



52 pages — ALL COMICS!

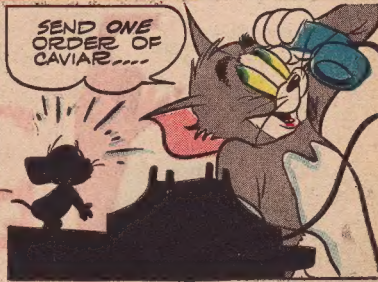
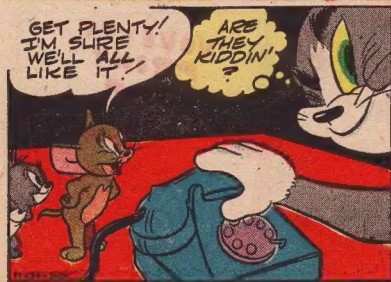
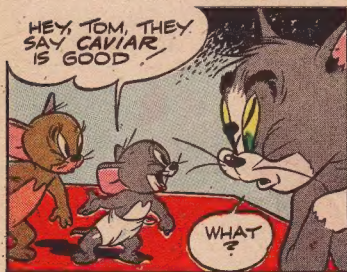
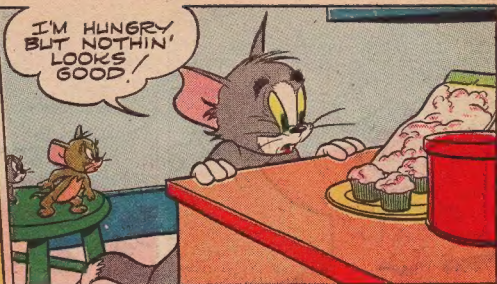
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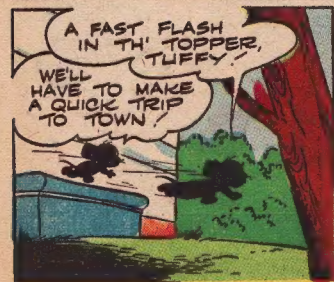
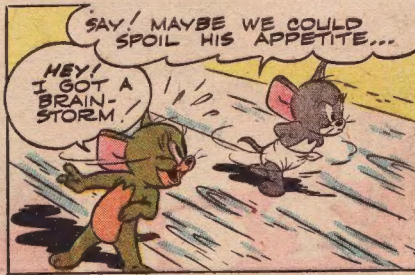
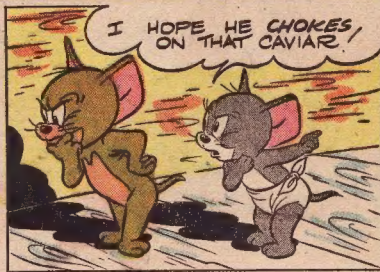
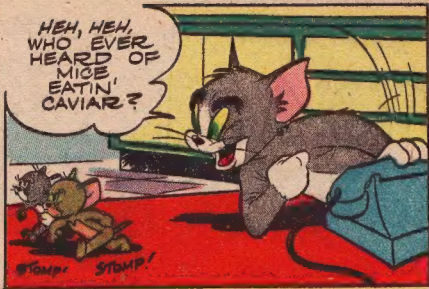


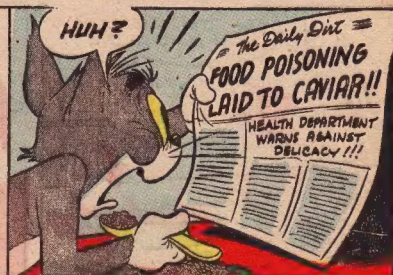
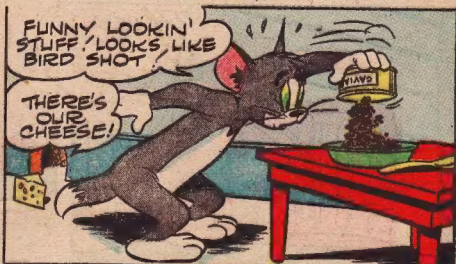
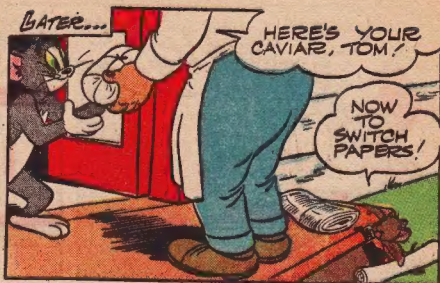
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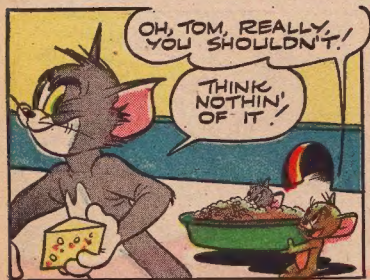
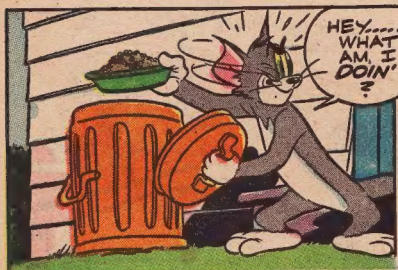
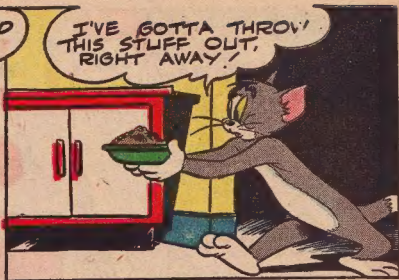
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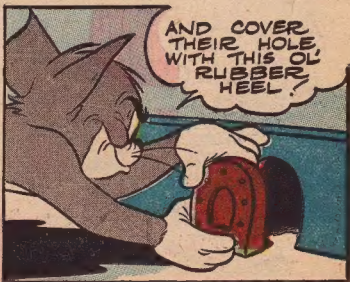
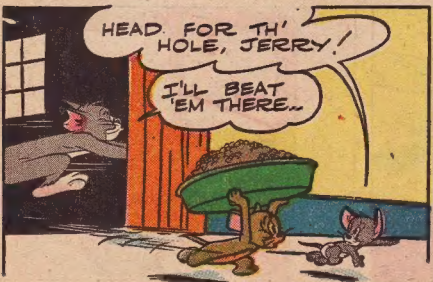
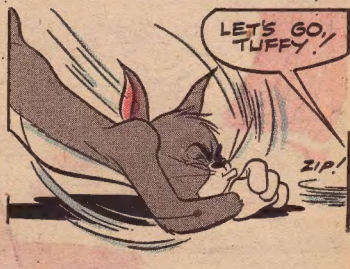
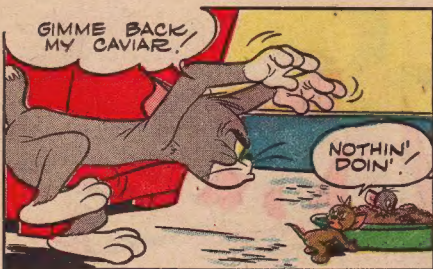
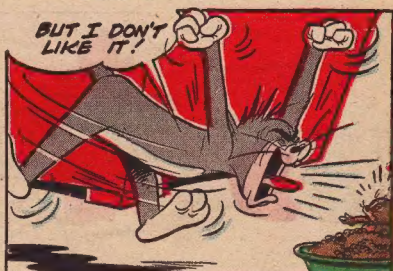
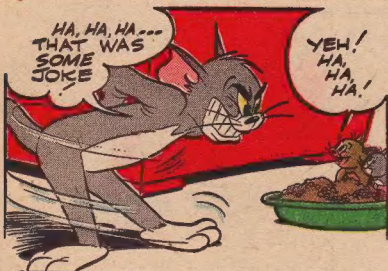
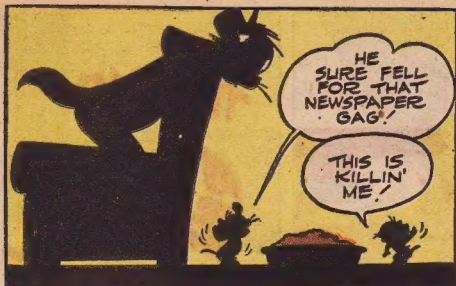
M.G.M. CARTOONS
present
TOM and JERRY

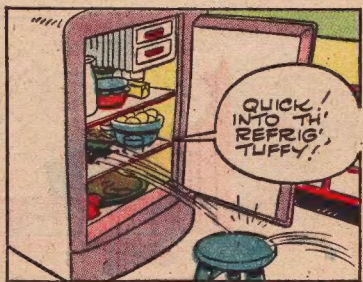
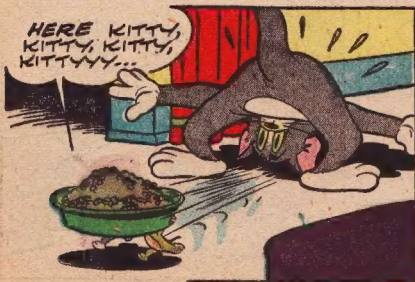
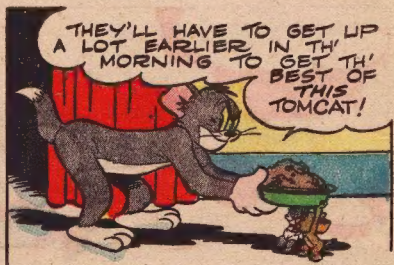
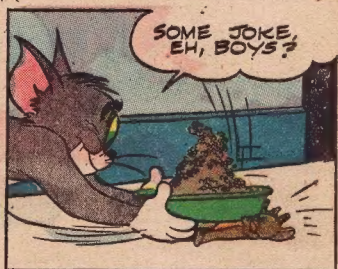
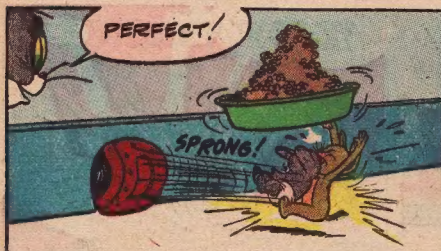
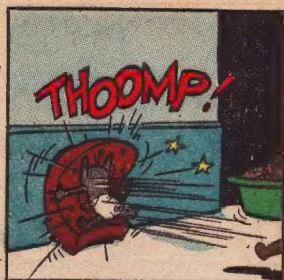


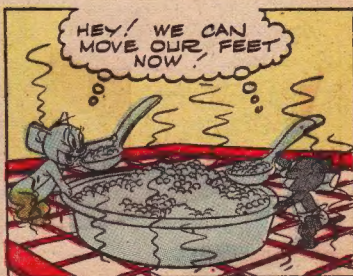
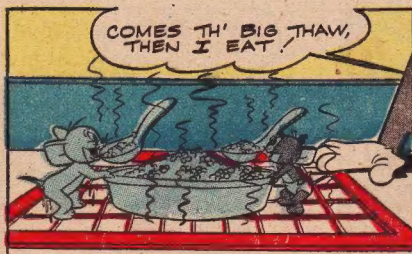
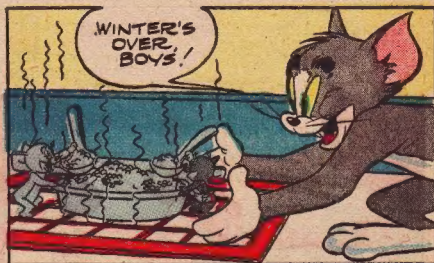
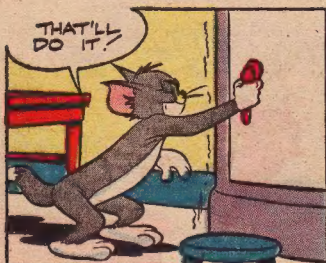
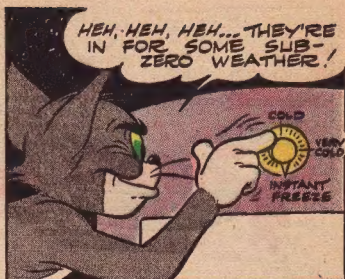
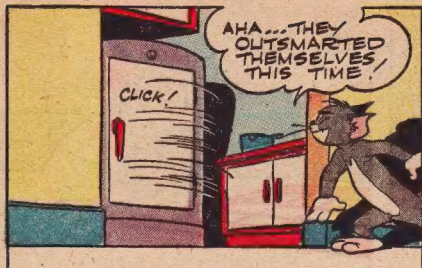


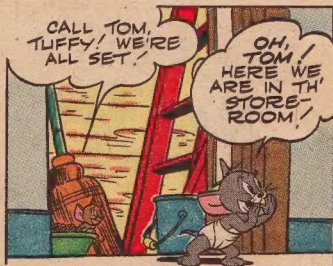
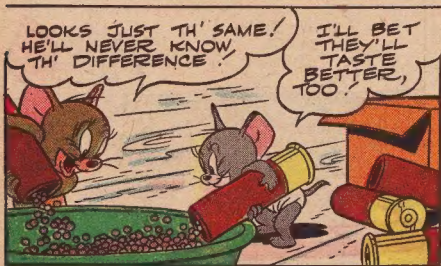
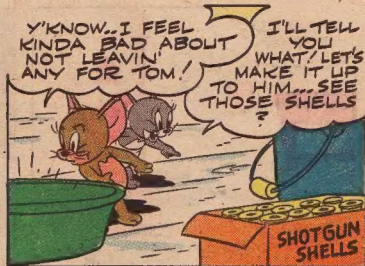
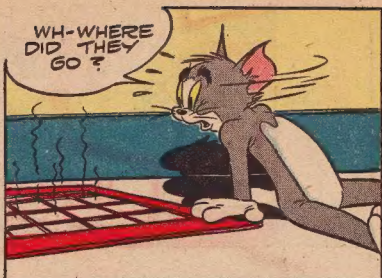


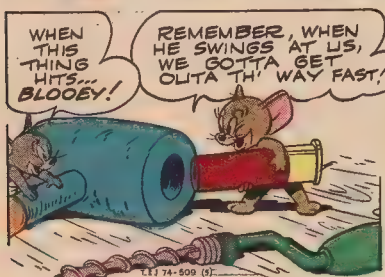
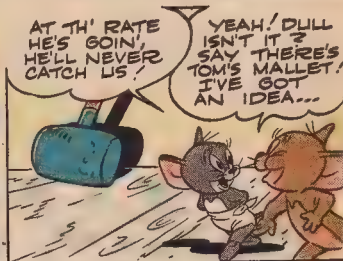
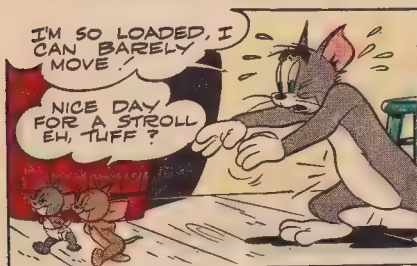
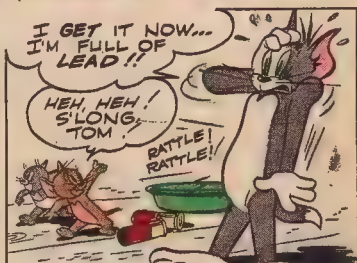
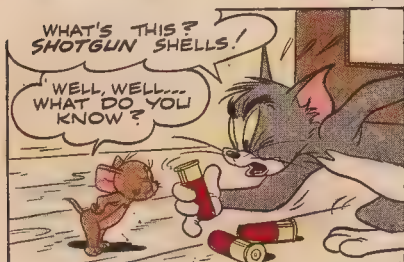
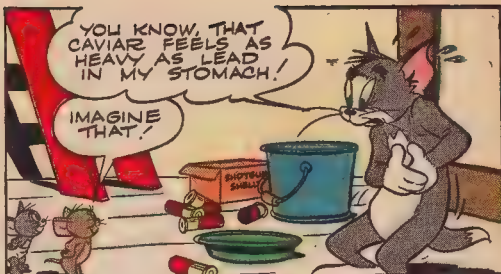
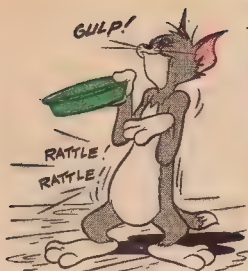


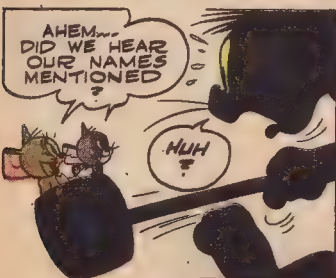
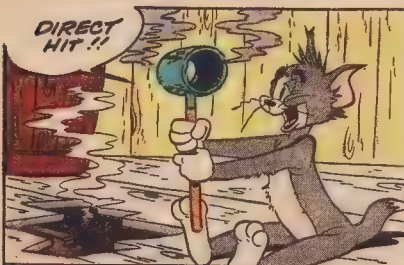
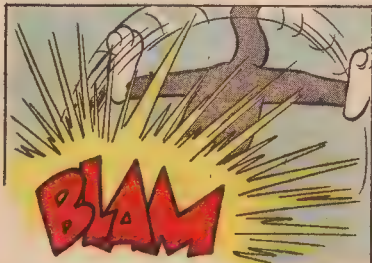
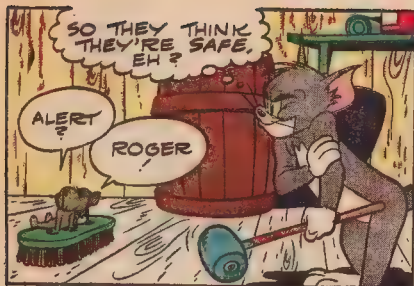






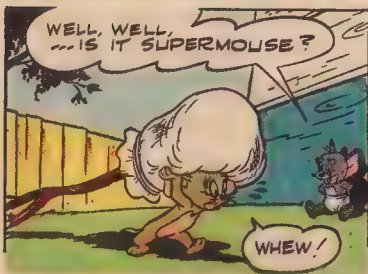
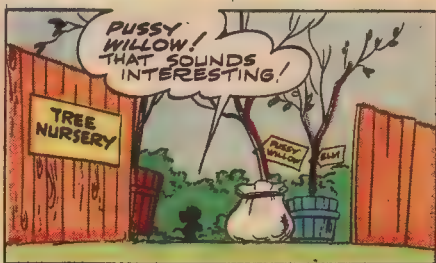
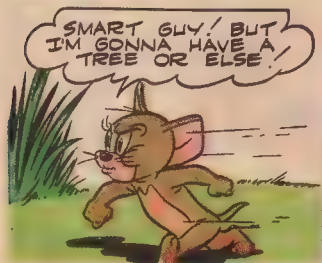
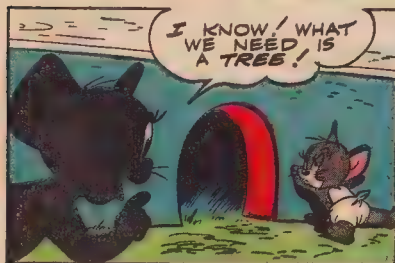
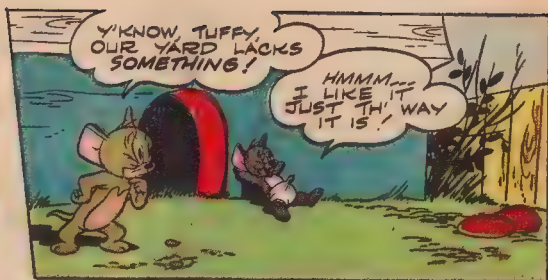


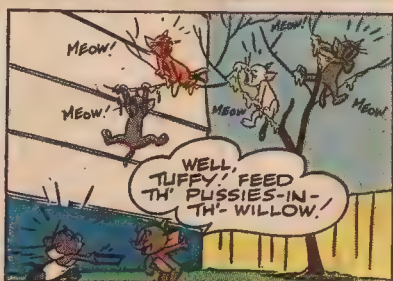
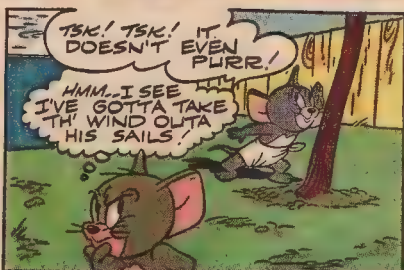
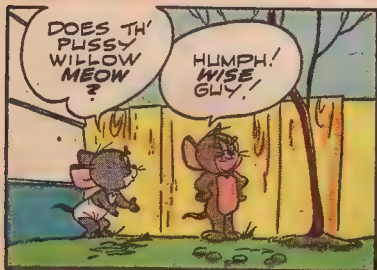
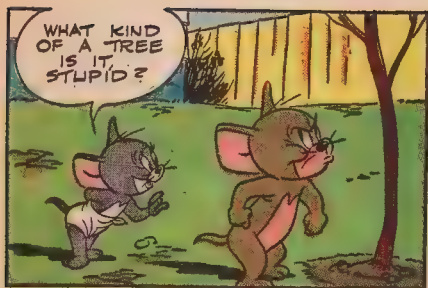


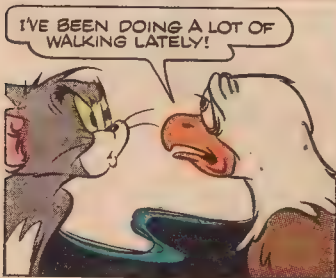
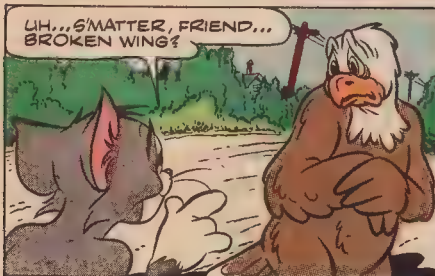
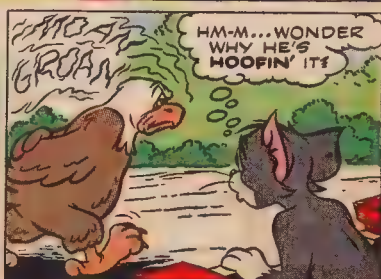
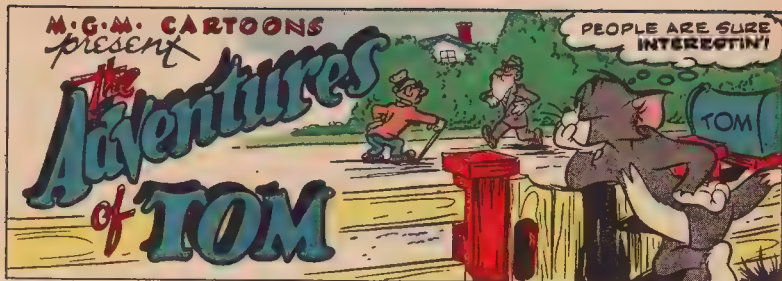


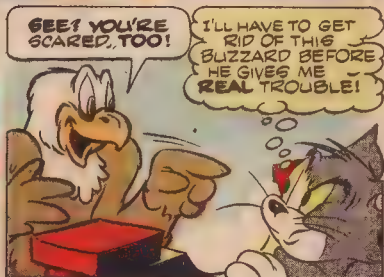
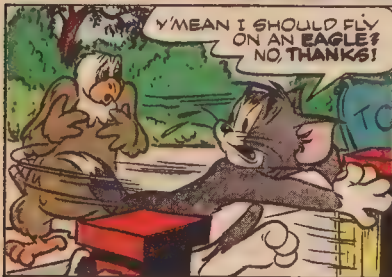
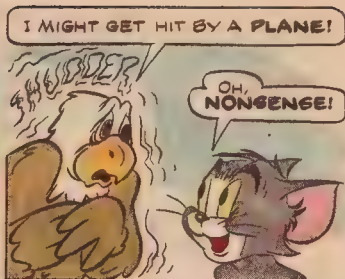
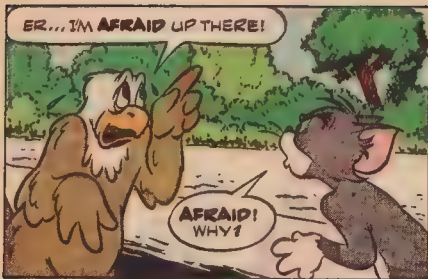
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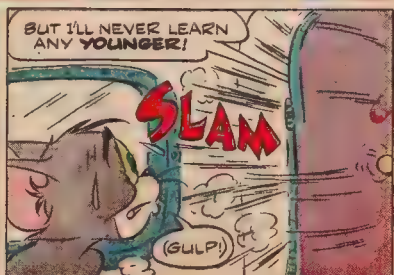
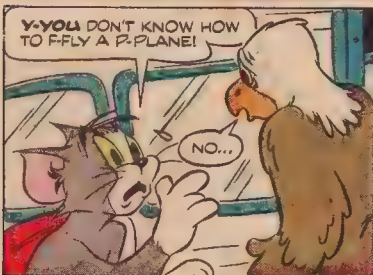
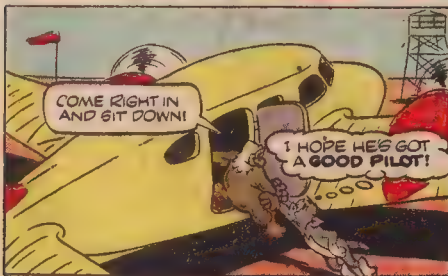
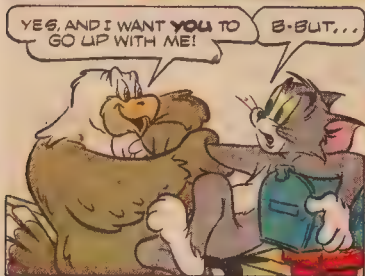
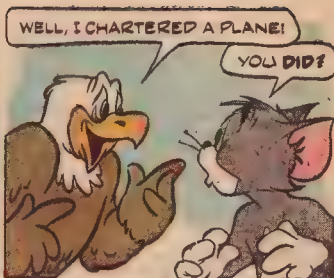
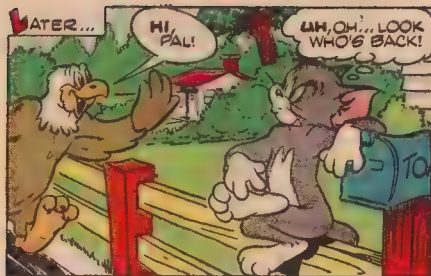
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Present
JERRY
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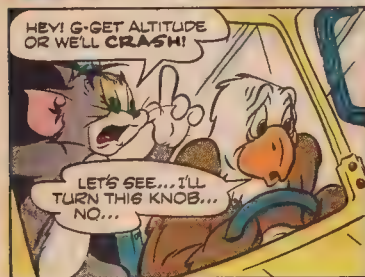
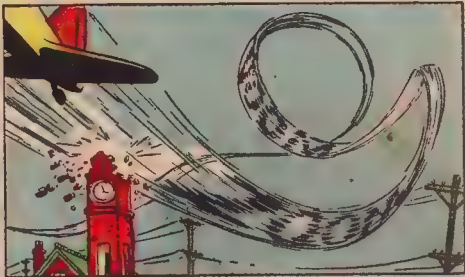
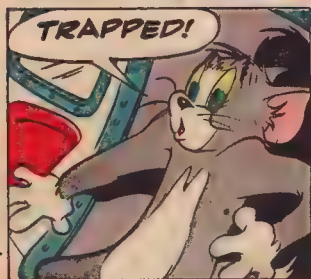


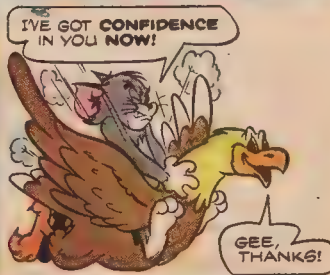
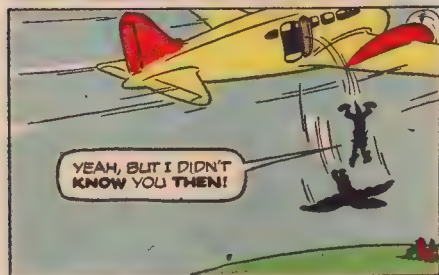
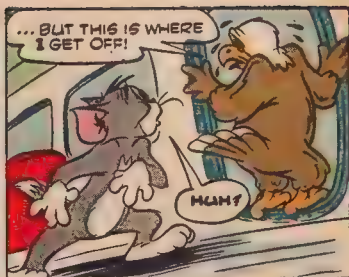
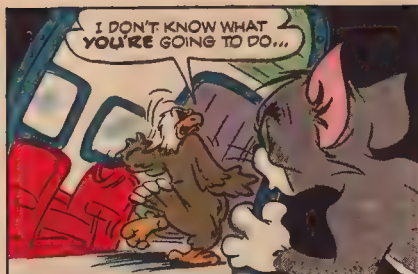


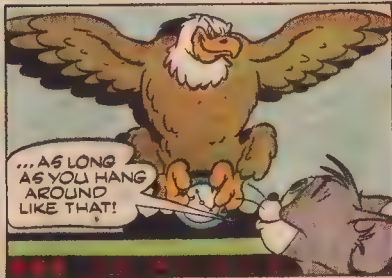
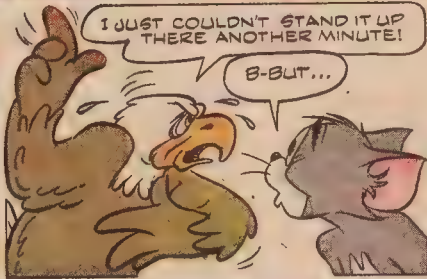
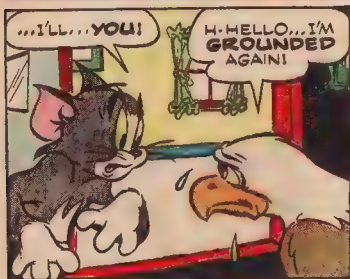
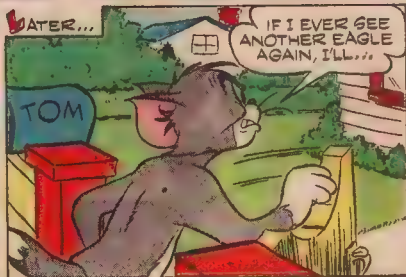




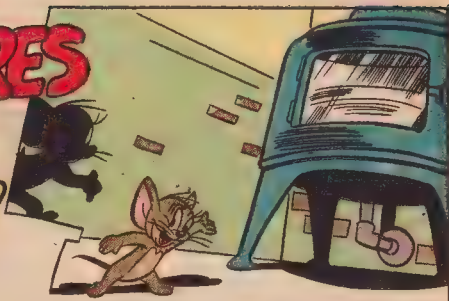








M.G.M. presents
the
ADVENTURES
of
JERRY



Jerry and Tuffy were in their little mouse apartment. Jerry was relaxing on their pincushion bed and munching on a bit of carrot, but Tuffy was the picture of utter dejection.

"Cheer up!" Jerry made the mistake of telling his pal. "Things could be worse!"

Tuffy just looked at him, then muttered, "... If you must go on eating that... that... ROOT... can't you at least please do it quietly!"

"Gosh!" thought Jerry. "I'd better think of some way to help Tuffy. This vegetable diet is really getting him down!"

For the past three days, painters had been busy redoing the kitchen of the big house. All the food had been packed away tightly and the folks who lived in the house had been going out for their meals. Poor Jerry and Tuffy had had to depend on the vegetable garden for their sustenance.

"Jerry, do you notice any change in me?" moaned Tuffy.

"Uh... why... no," was Jerry's hesitant reply. "... Just what do you mean, Tuffy?"

"Oh, I just wondered," Tuffy sighed. "If this diet doesn't wind up with me looking like a string bean with cauliflower ears and a squash nose, I'll be surprised!"

Jerry slid off the bed and started out the doorway with his carrot. "I'll finish eating this thing outside, Tuff. Your nerves are kind of shot and there doesn't seem to be any way to chew this without making a little noise."

Jerry ate the offending carrot out under the hall stairway. Then, he poked his head through the round doorway again and called, "Say, Tuff! I think I'll take another look around the house! Something good to eat may still TURN UP!"

"No thank you!" murmured the slightly giddy Tuffy. "No TURNIPS for me!... A nice fat cupcake with thick chocolate icing, perhaps... but no turnips... please, nothing even like a turnip!"

Jerry sadly shook his head and went wandering through the house. Tuffy was really in a bad state and something had to be done. But what? The two little mice had gone over every inch of the house and hadn't been able to find a crumb of cake or candy anywhere.

Then, Jerry had a happy thought. He ran back to Tuffy. "Tuffy!" he cried when he got to his pal. "What do you say to a basket lunch in the cellar?!"

"I'd say 'great', except we haven't anything decent for lunch nor any basket to put it in!" commented Tuffy sarcastically.

"That's what you think!" retorted Tuffy. "Follow me!"

A few minutes later, the two little fellows were down the cellar stairs and on the threshold of the laundry room. Jerry pointed to a well-filled clothes hamper. "There's our 'basket'!" he squeaked. "And unless I miss my guess, there'll be cookie crumbs in some of the childrens' pockets!"

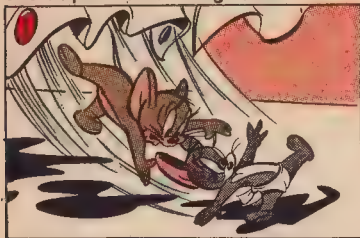
It was an easy matter to climb into the tangled assortment of washables, and all that Jerry and Tuffy had to do was follow their noses until they hit the remains of a crumbled cookie or bit of cake.

They had done pretty well and were in the act of unzipping the pockets of a corduroy jacket to get out some forgotten peppermints . . . when they felt themselves jostled and pushed.

"W-w-whillikers !!!" gasped Jerry. "I think that's the laundryman!"

"What'll we do??!!!" squeaked Tuffy in dismay. "If we ever get bundled into the bag and get sent to the laundry . . . we'll be all 'washed-up'!"

They both tried desperately to make a break for freedom, but the basket they were in was turned upside down and emptied onto a large sheet!



The two tiny pals were dumped with the rest of the laundry and quickly secured in the midst of the clothes, as the laundryman tied the four corners of the sheet together!

Jerry and Tuffy managed to scramble through to the top of the pile, but that was all. No sooner were they near the small opening where the sheet was tied, when WHAMMM, the man hoisted the bundle over his shoulder, tumbling the mice head-over-heels and drawing the openings so tight that even a mosquito would have difficulty escaping!

The sudden sound of a motor, then a quieter continued motion, revealed to Jerry and Tuffy that their worst fears had been realized! . . . **THEY WERE ON THEIR WAY TO BE LAUNDERED!!!**

"Come on, Tuff!" Jerry shouted



above the hum of the truck motor. "Let's get out of this bundle! . . . When he stops the truck for his next pick-up, we'll make a dash for it!"

They crawled out of the tangled clothes and dropped down to the floor of the truck.

"Look out!!!" shrieked Tuffy, as the truck careened around a corner and one of the laundry bags slid past Jerry and hit the side of the truck with a dull thud!

"Whew!!!" breathed Jerry, "Almost got 'bagged', didn't I!"

The truck pulled to an abrupt stop, and Jerry and Tuffy were so anxious to get out that they dashed for the rear doors. No sooner were they opened, than they jumped to the street and started to run.

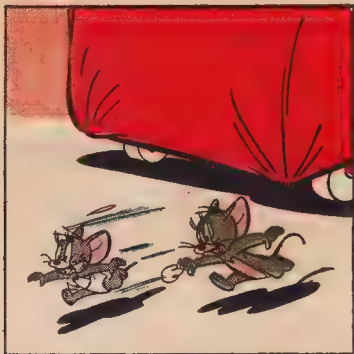
"Yeeowww!!!" screamed Tuffy, grabbing Jerry and tumbling back even faster than he'd run forward. "We can't cross here! The traffic is awful!"

"G-Golly!" stammered Jerry, as several large cars, trucks and buses went whizzing by. . . . "This is sure a main thoroughfare!"

"MEAN terrorfare!" Tuffy corrected him.

Jerry turned about, and he and Tuffy raced under the truck and hopped up on the sidewalk! Here, things were almost as bad as they'd been on the street! Big feet, little feet, high heels, low heels seemed to be coming at them from all directions! They just closed their eyes and kept going . . . right through an open door. . . .

Jerry bumped into a wall and opened



his eyes. . . . "Oh, Tuff! Look where we are!" he moaned. . . .

Tuffy looked up and read the big sign above their heads, "No Buttons or Bows Left On YOUR CLOTHES LAUNDRY. Work Guaranteed."!

"Ulp!!" gulped Tuffy, as he pivoted about in search of the exit.

But, before the frightened little fellows could find the door, there was a tremendous rumbling noise . . . and bearing down on them was a huge handcar loaded with bundles taken off the laundry truck! There was no choice but to get out of the way . . . and Jerry and Tuffy fairly flew!

Danger seemed to be lurking everywhere . . .

"Let's just hide here a minute, Jerry . . . while I catch my breath!" Tuffy pleaded, ducking into a huge mountain of wrinkled shirts . . .

Jerry hauled him back just as the shirts were lifted off the floor and thrown into a huge automatic washer!

"Th-thanks, Jerry!" stuttered Tuffy, trembling at the sound of the giant vibrating washing machine. "That's one time I was GLAD to have you take the shirt off my back! . . . What's the next step, pal?! . . . There's just got to be some safe, quiet spot where we can perch to catch our breath . . . and think things over!"

Jerry looked carefully about, but the room was now so filled with steam that

it was difficult to distinguish things clearly. "Say, Tuff!" he finally suggested. "What about that narrow table over there? Doesn't look like anyone's using it!"

They walked slowly, through the clouds of mist and over to the table. It was an easy matter to climb the adjustable steel legs. Jerry reached the edge of the table top. He grabbed it tightly and started to pull himself the rest of the way over, when something damp . . . and cold . . . was suddenly whipped over the table and . . . over Jerry!

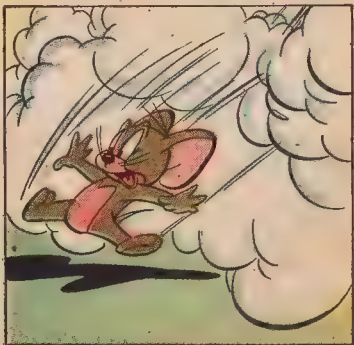
Jerry was so startled that he lost his grip! And, just in the nick of time too . . . for as he tumbled through a damp sleeve, there was a terrible BANG and HISSSSS . . . right above his head!!!!

A giant press of heated metal had descended on the table, smoothing every wrinkle out of the damp garment and sending up spurts of steam!

But there were plenty of wrinkles in Jerry's brow as he huddled close to Tuffy, under the steam-press table. "G-G-Golly! W-What if that thing hadn't have messed me? I-I-I'd sure be a nice mouse of a m-m-miss! . . . " he stammered.

"Sure, sure," murmured Tuffy, soothingly patting his distraught friend, "Sure? . . . Uh?? . . . That is, Jerry, what did you say?"

"I said . . . if that thing hadn't





have missed me, I'd sure be a nice mess of a mouse!" Jerry squeaked....

"Why, Tuffy?"

"Oh, nothing!" laughed Tuffy, grabbing Jerry's arm. "I just wanted to be sure I heard you right the first time!Come on! We've got to get out of this indoor fog!"

As they moved away from the steam-press, the air became clearer and the little mice could see that they were in another section of the laundry. The walls were lined with shelves, and these were divided into many cubby-holes.

As Jerry and Tuffy watched, they saw these shelves being loaded with packages of finished laundry. "Say, Tuff, why don't we see if we can find some stuff that's going back to the house we live in!" piped Jerry.

"Good!" agreed Tuffy. "We can crawl in with the laundry and get a ride home! Maybe the painters will be gone by now and we can even find something to eat!"

They scampered from section to section, until at last, they located their own address. Quickly, they nestled under the crisp paper.

Before very long, they were on the

laundry truck again.... But this time, they were headed home!

The now exhausted Jerry sighed weakly, "Hey, Tuffy, even Tom will seem tame after today."

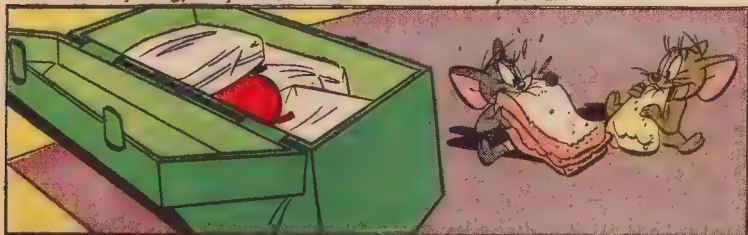
"You know, Jerry, that painter really saved my life!" mumbled Tuffy, his mouth full of the crumbs from a ham sandwich. "If he hadn't forgotten his lunch basket, there's no telling how long I would have had to go on eating vegetables!"

Jerry laughed. "It sure does taste good!" he admitted.

The two mice were seated in their little apartment, finishing up the remainder of a feast furnished by the leftovers in one of the painter's lunch boxes.

Jerry continued, "I guess all that running around the laundry had us pretty much washed-out! There's nothing like one of those places to take the starch out of you!"

"Mmmmm Hmmm!!!" agreed Tuffy emphatically. "And there's nothing like a few fat crusts of bread to put it right back in.... and frankly, Jerry, I prefer starch under my belt rather than in my collar!"

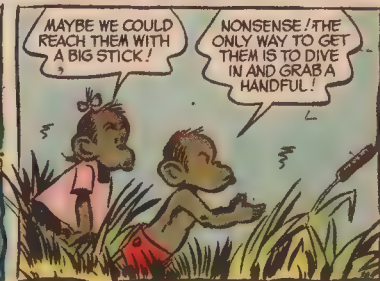
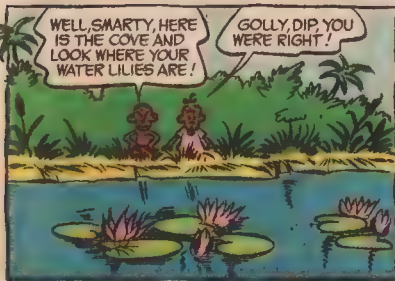
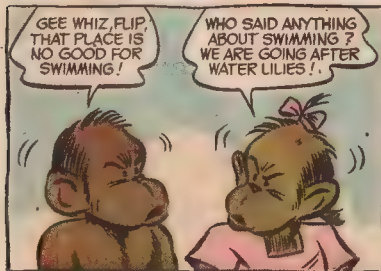
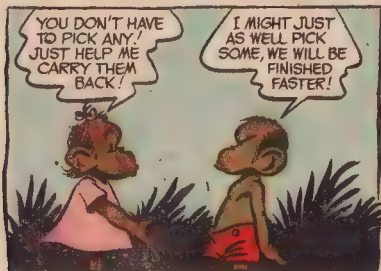


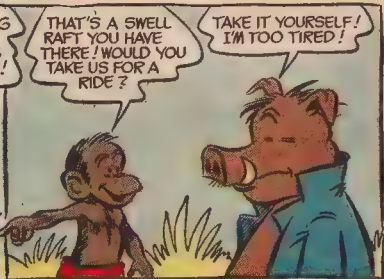
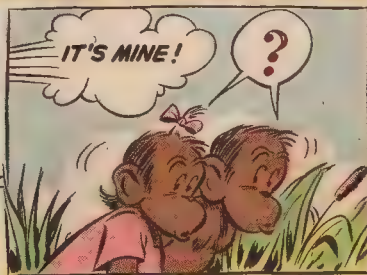
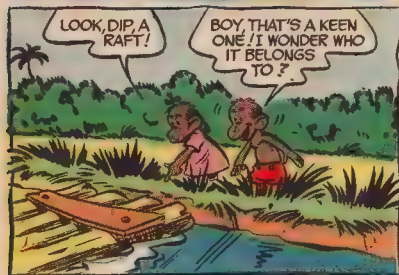
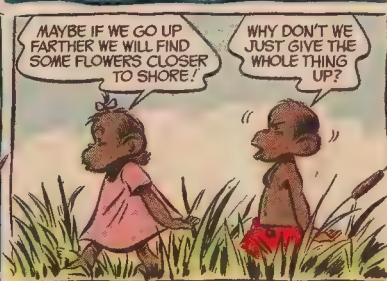
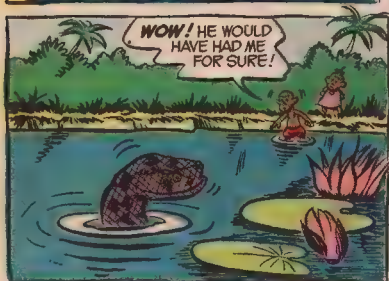
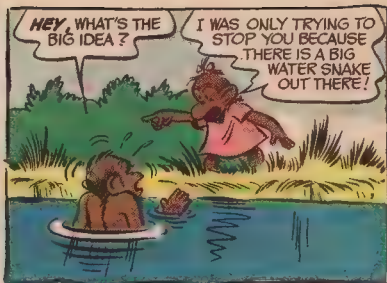
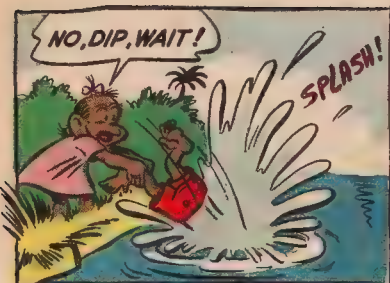
FLIP 'N' DIP

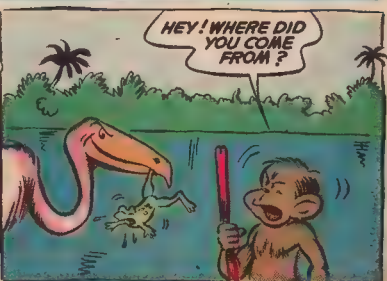
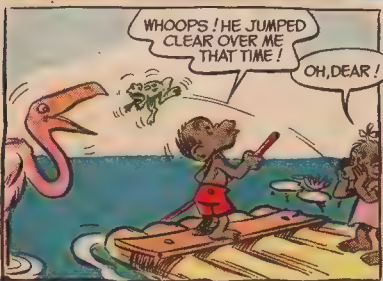
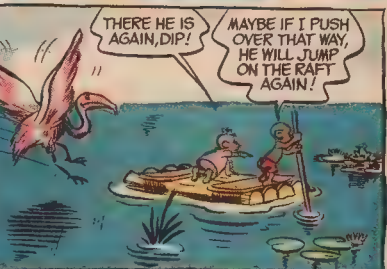
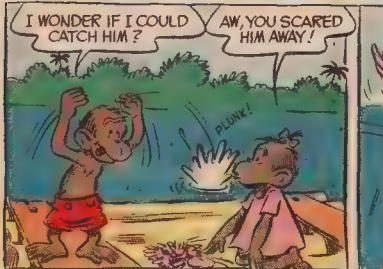
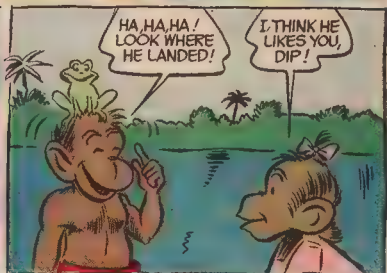
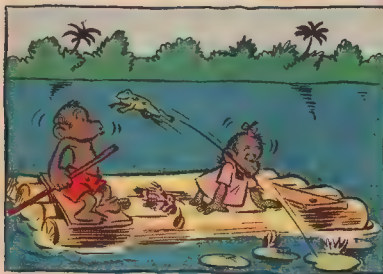
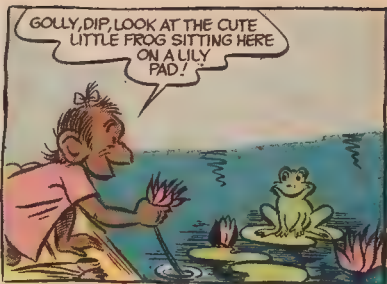
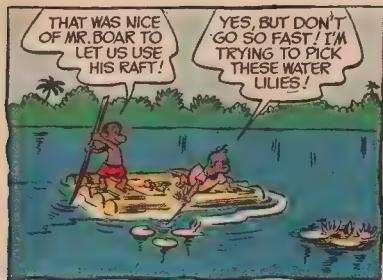
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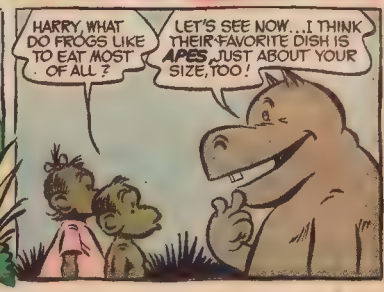
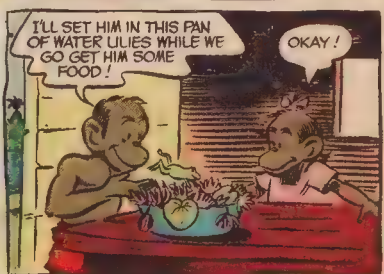
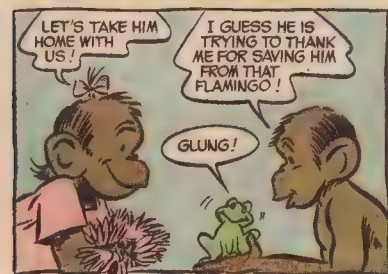
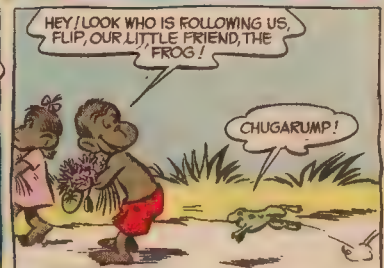
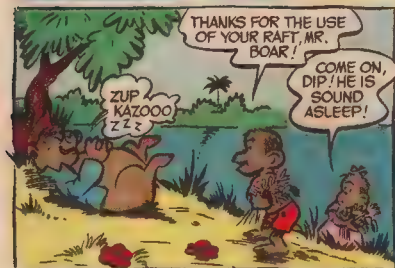
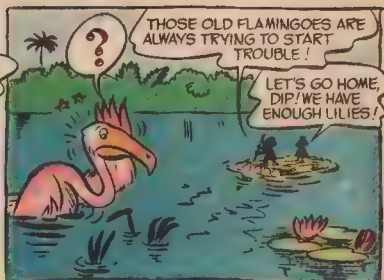
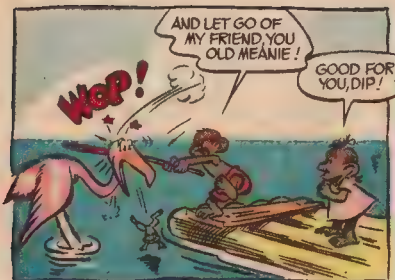
COME ON, DIP, MOM
SAYS YOU HAVE TO
HELP ME GATHER
SOME WATER
LILIES!

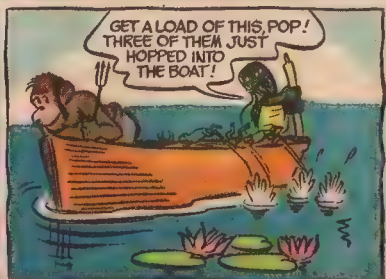
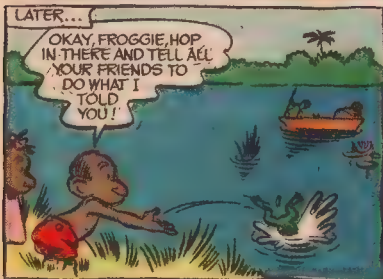
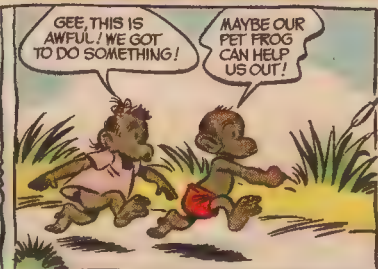
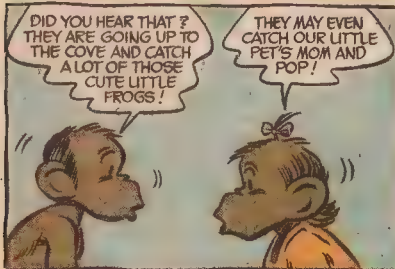
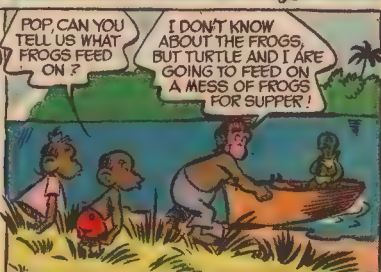
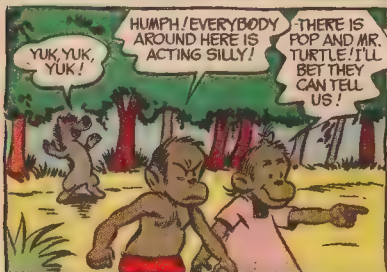
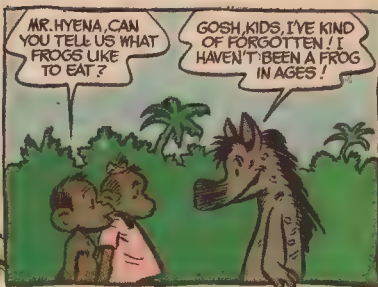
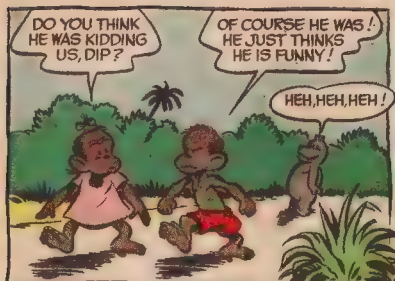
AW, WHO WANTS TO
PICK FLOWERS?
THAT'S NO FUN!

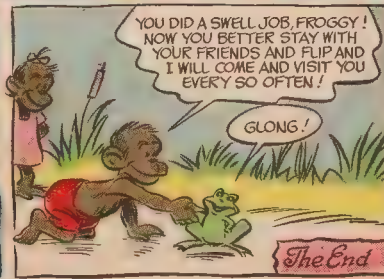
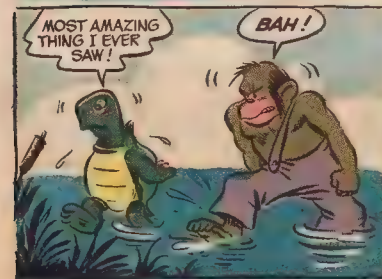
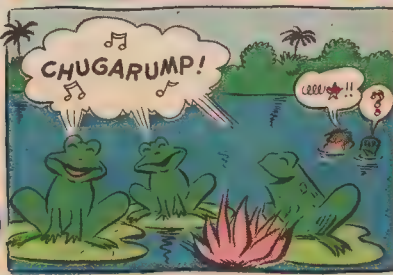
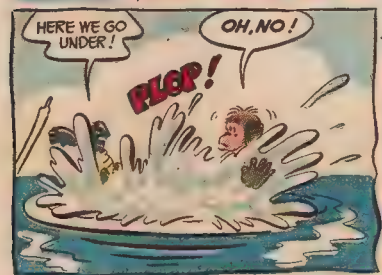
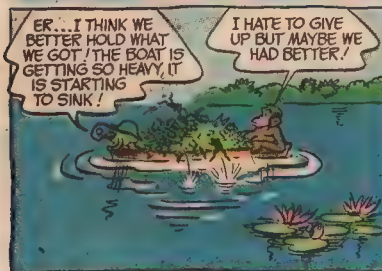
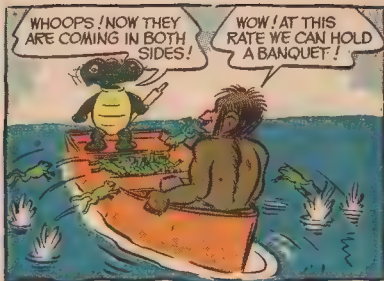












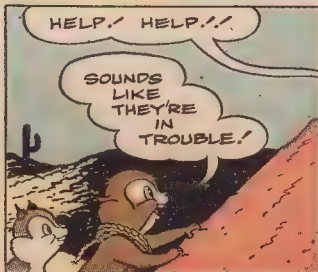
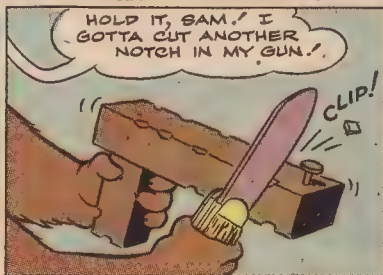
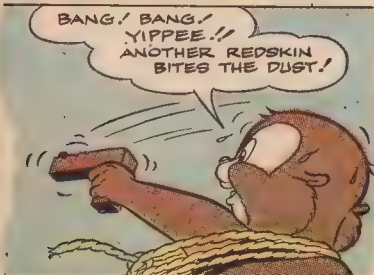
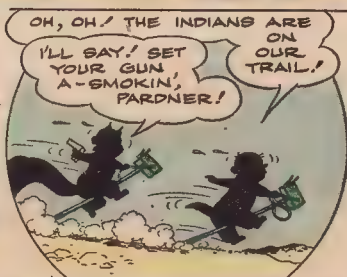
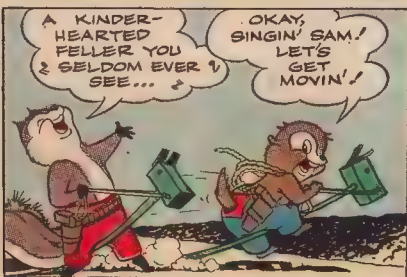
M.G.M.
CARTOONS
present

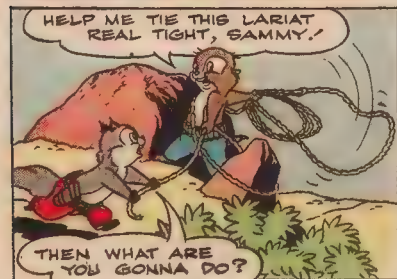
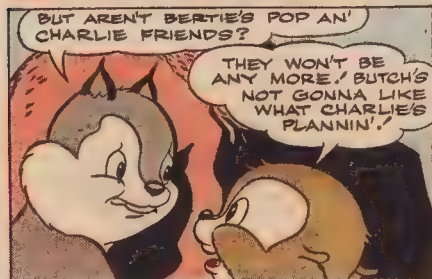
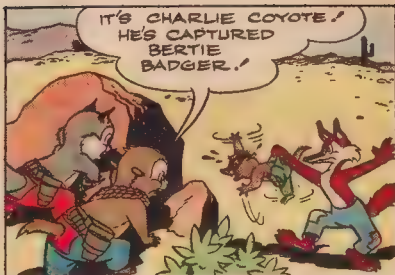
WUFF

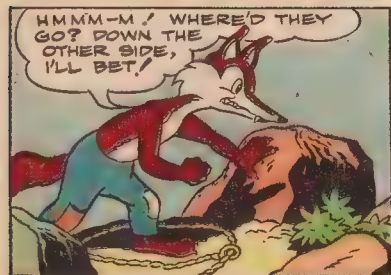
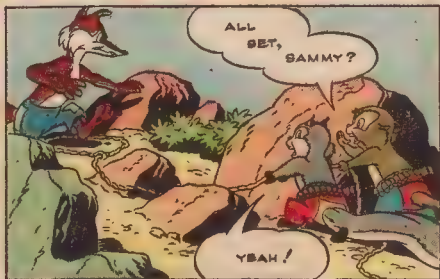
the
PRAIRIE DOG

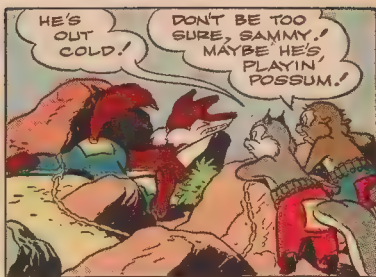
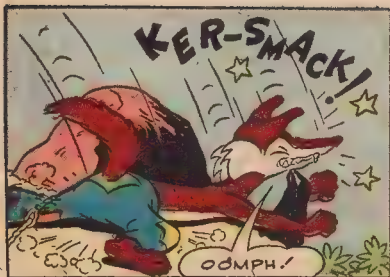
I'M BILLY THE KID, A
DESPERATE BANDIT, WHO
ARE YOU, SAMMY?

SAM BASS,
FROM INDIANA!
IT WAS MY
NATIVE HOME,
AT THE AGE
OF SEVEN YEARS,
I BEGAN
TO ROAM!







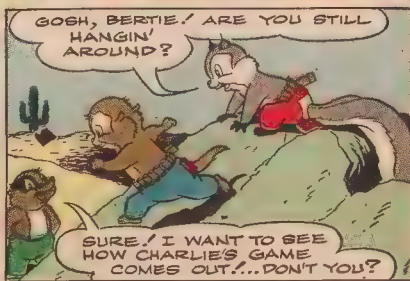


HE'S
OUT
COLD!

DON'T BE TOO
SURE, SAMMY!
MAYBE HE'S
PLAYIN'
POSSUM!

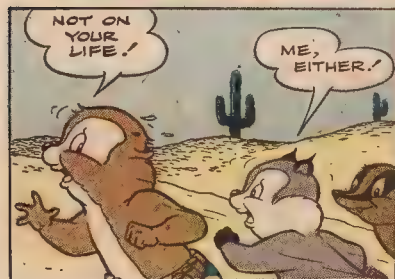


LET'S DON'T
WAIT TO FIND
OUT!



GOSH, BERTIE! ARE YOU STILL
HANGIN'
AROUND?

SURE! I WANT TO SEE
HOW CHARLIE'S GAME
COMES OUT....DON'T YOU?

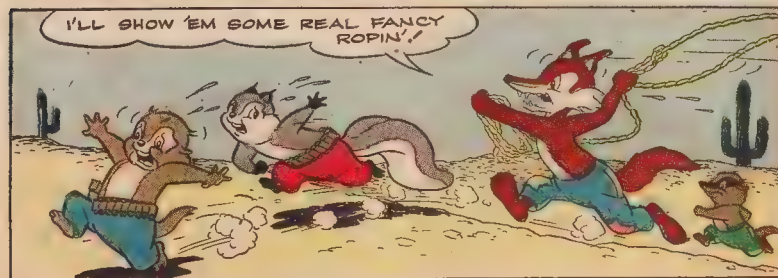


NOT ON
YOUR
LIFE!

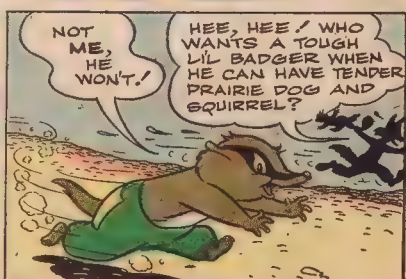
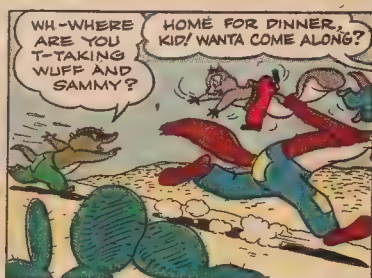
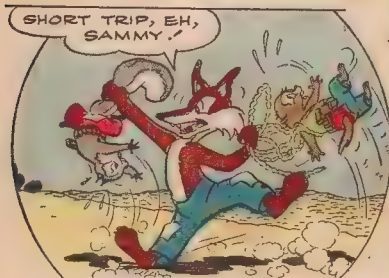
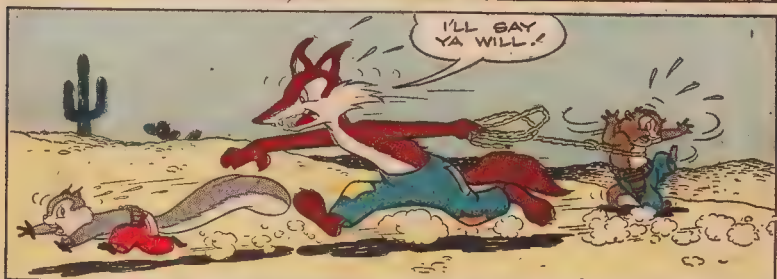
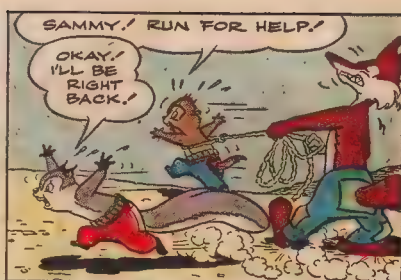
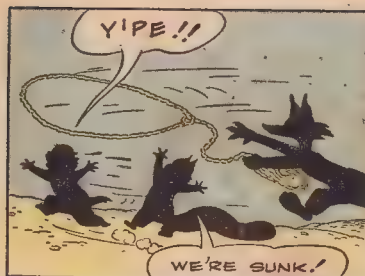
ME,
EITHER!

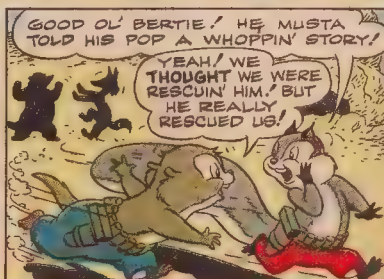
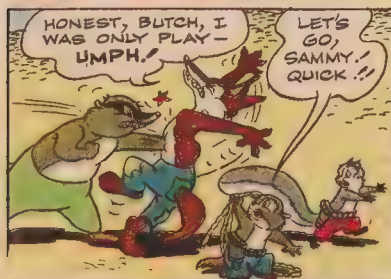
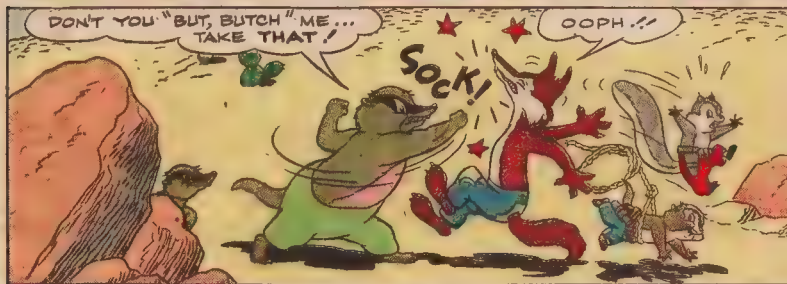
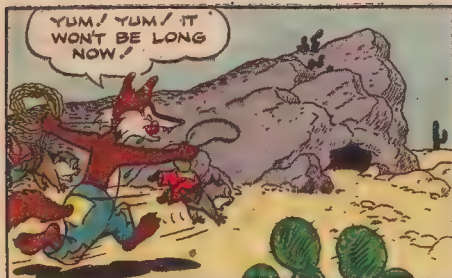


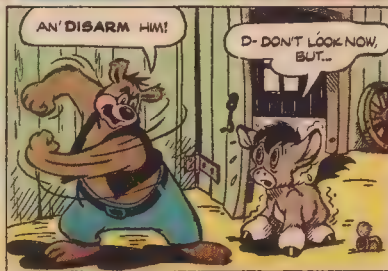
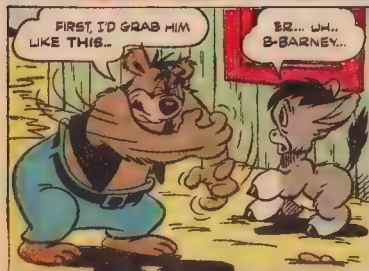
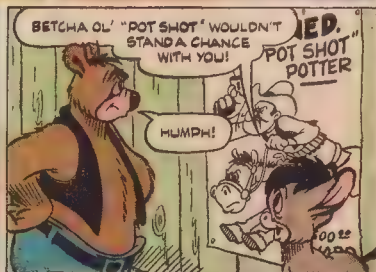
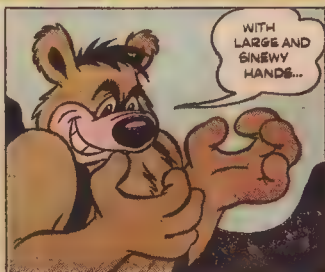
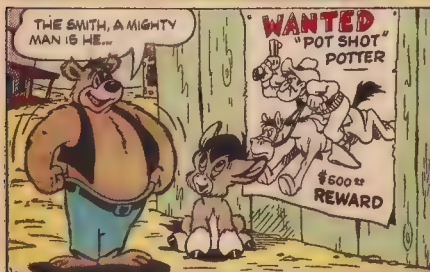
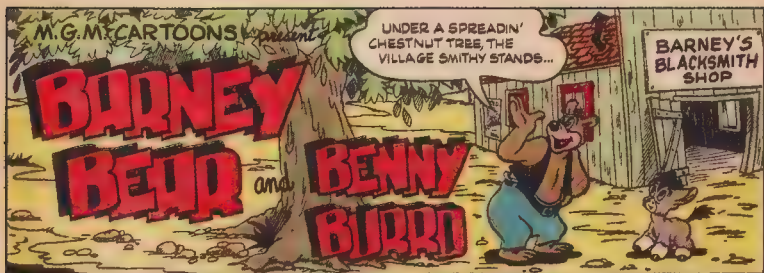
THERE GO THE LITTLE VARMINTS!
PLAY ROPE TRICKS ON ME,
WILL THEY?

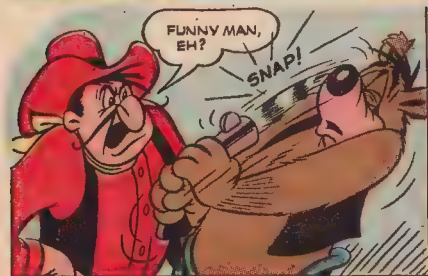
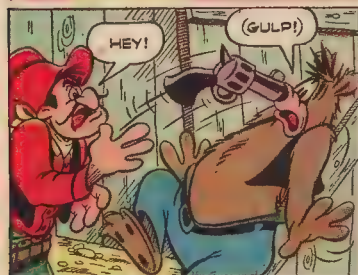
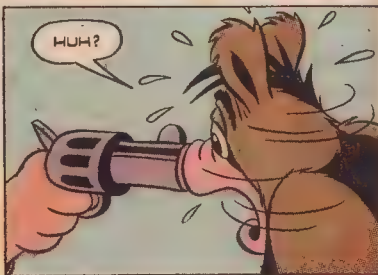
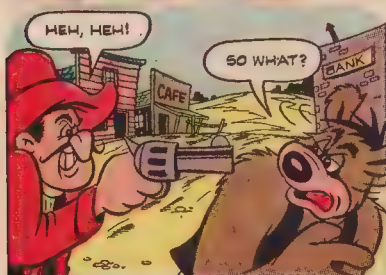
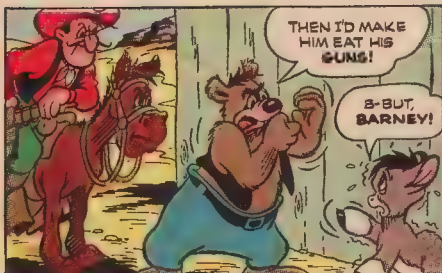


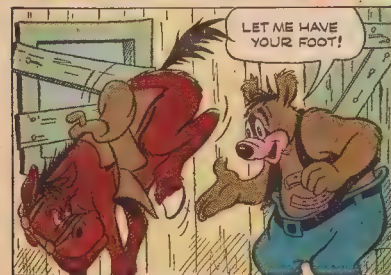
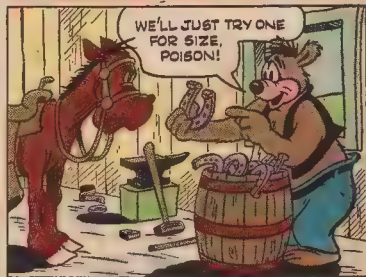
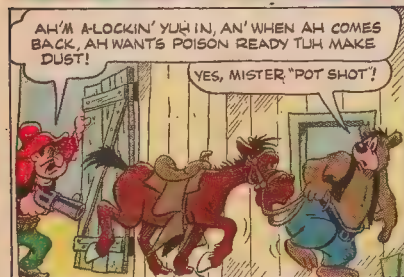
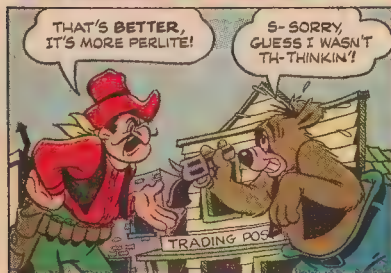
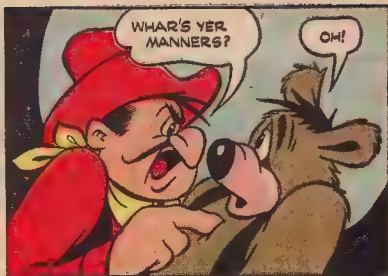
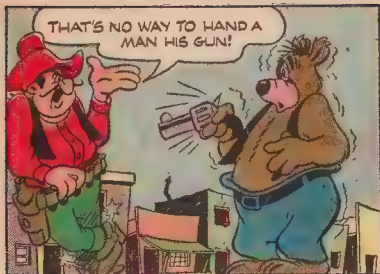
I'LL SHOW 'EM SOME REAL FANCY
ROPIN'!

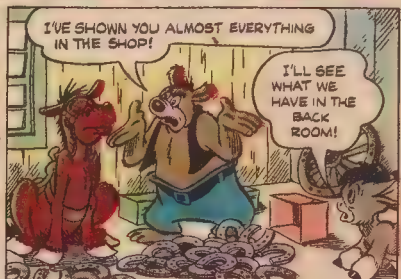
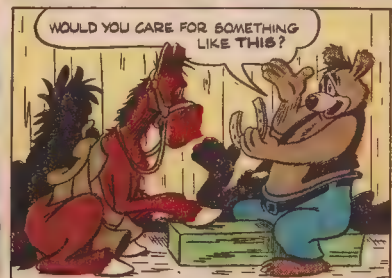
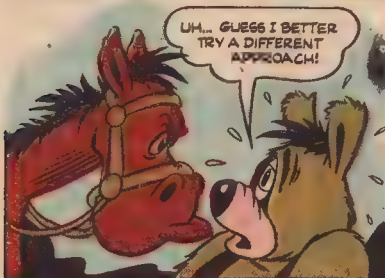
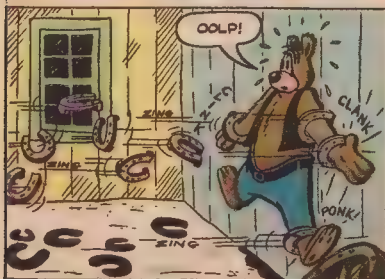
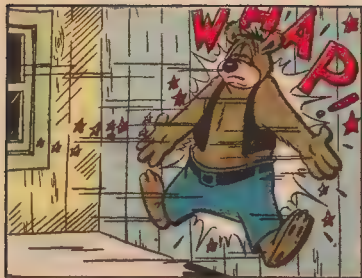


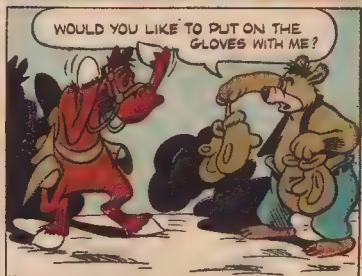
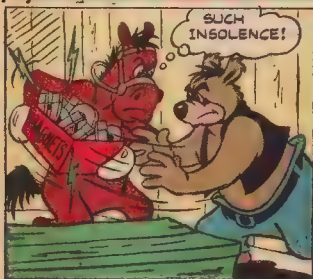
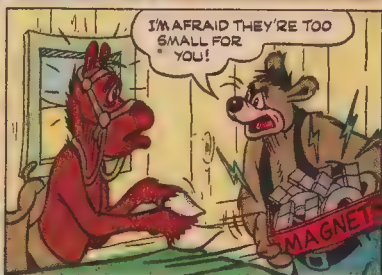
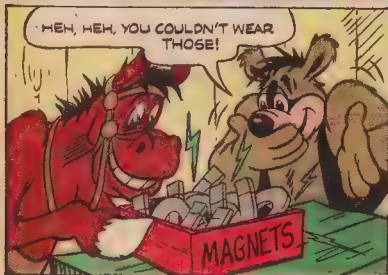
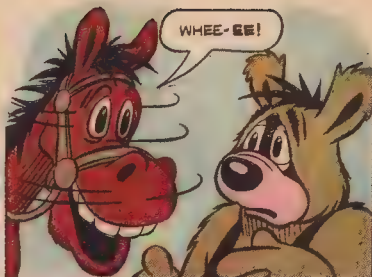
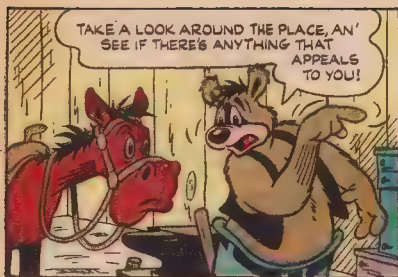


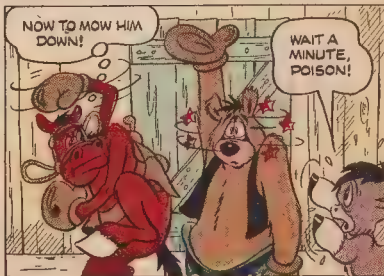
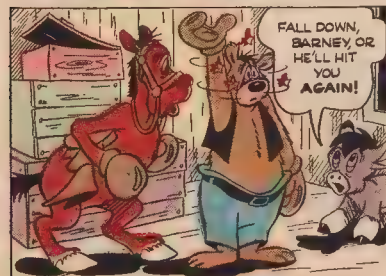
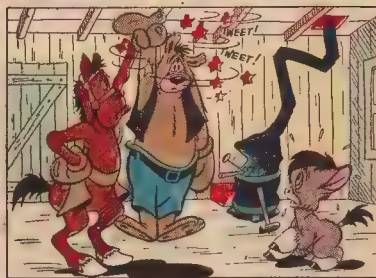
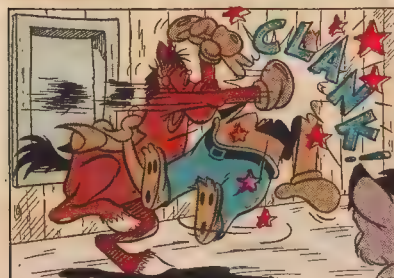
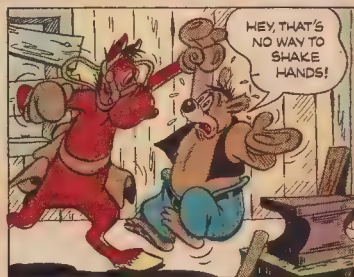
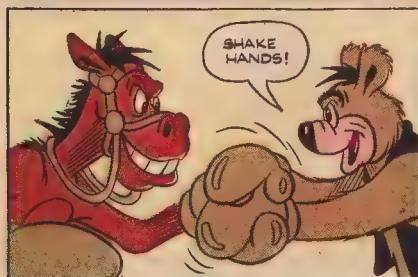
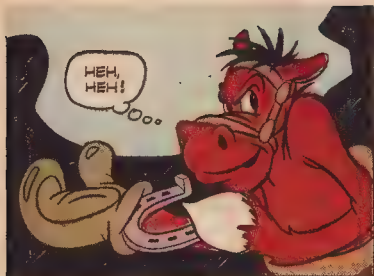


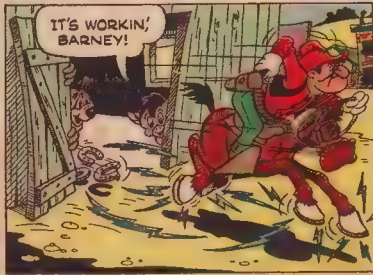
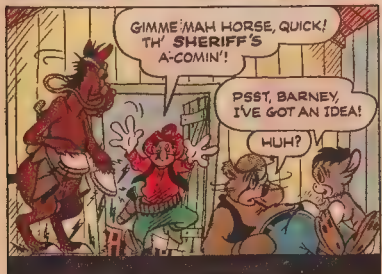
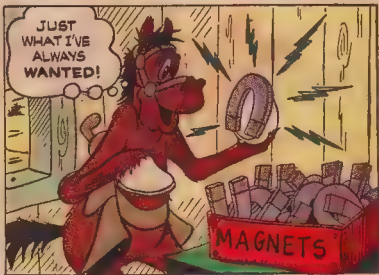
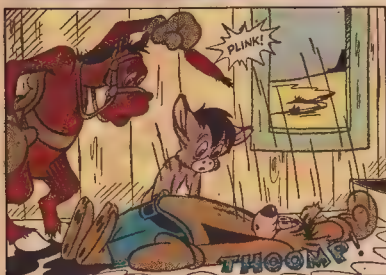
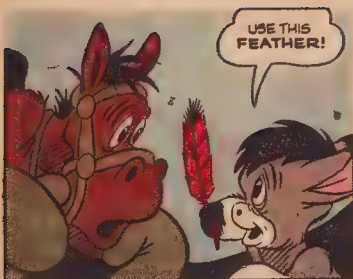


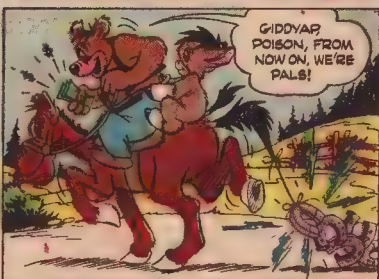
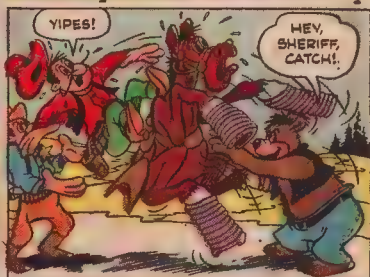
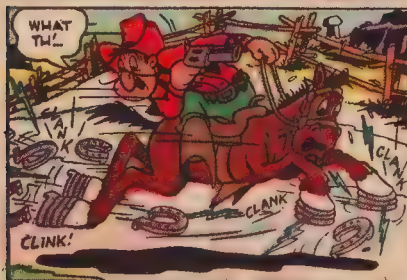
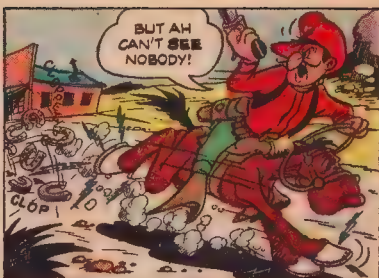












BARNEY BEAR and BENNY BURRO appearing in M-G-M pictures

M-G-M CARTOONS

present

fuzzy and wuzzy

THOSE KIDS! THEY DON'T
THINK OF ANYTHING
BUT PLAY!

I CAN THROW
FARTHER
THAN YOU!

IT'S TIME THEY LEARNED THERE'RE MORE
IMPORTANT THINGS THAN GAMES!

I CAN JUMP
FARTHER THAN
YOU!

AND I'M JUST TH' ONE TO
TEACH 'EM!

BETCHA I CAN HOLD
MY BREATH LONGER
THAN YOU!

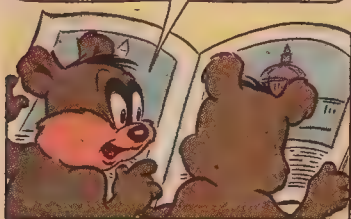
I'LL GIVE 'EM A GOOD
TALKING TO!

...AN' YOU SHOULD TRY TO BE LIKE
WASHINGTON, AN' FRANKLIN, AN'
LINCOLN...

HERE...TAKE THIS BOOK
AND READ ABOUT THOSE
GREAT MEN!

AN' MAYBE SOME DAY,
YOU'LL AMOUNT TO
SOMETHING, TOO!

IT SAYS TH' CAPITAL WAS NAMED
AFTER GEORGE WASHINGTON AN'...

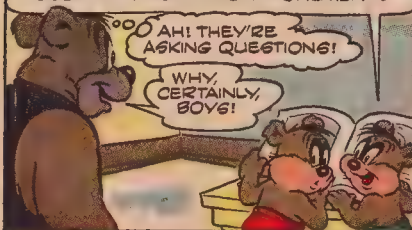


...THERE IS A BIG, TALL MONUMENT
BUILT IN HIS HONOR!



GOSH! I
WONDER HOW
TALL IT IS?

UNCLE BARNEY, WILL YOU TELL US
ABOUT TH' WASHINGTON MONUMENT?



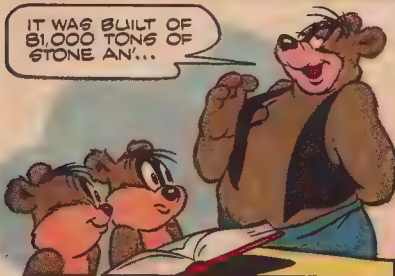
AH! THEY'RE
ASKING QUESTIONS!

WHY, CERTAINLY,
BOYS!

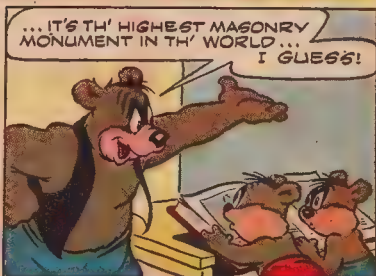
I'M VERY HAPPY
THAT YOU ARE
INTERESTED!



IT WAS BUILT OF
81,000 TONS OF
STONE AN'...

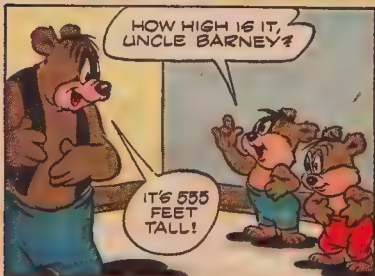


... IT'S TH' HIGHEST MASONRY
MONUMENT IN TH' WORLD ...



I GUESS!

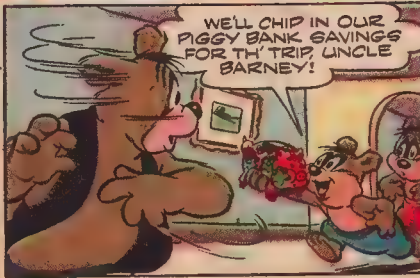
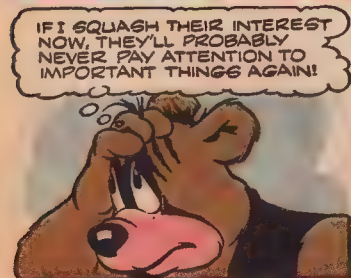
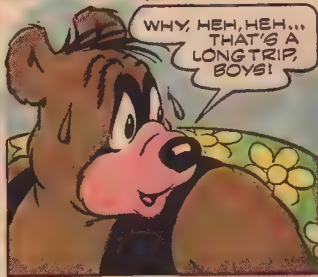
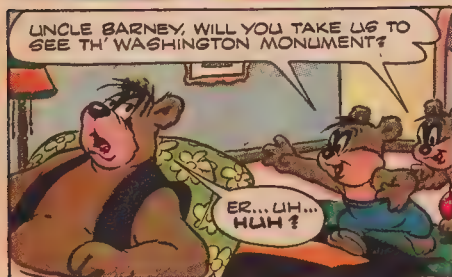
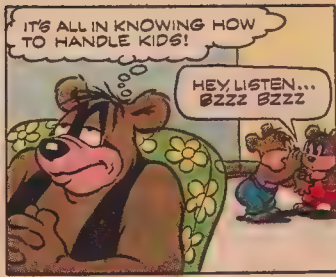
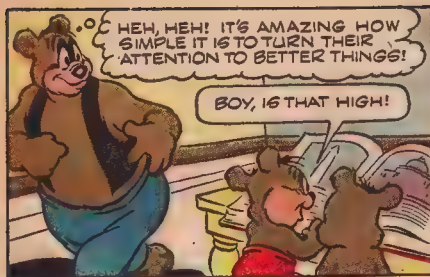
HOW HIGH IS IT,
UNCLE BARNEY?

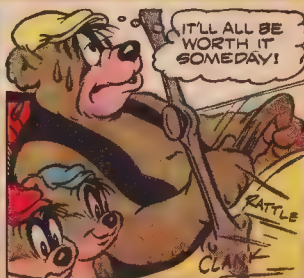
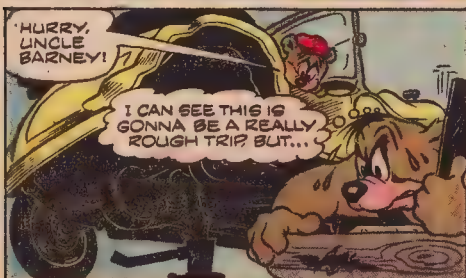
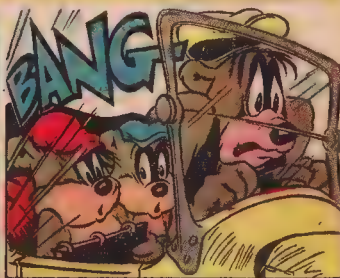
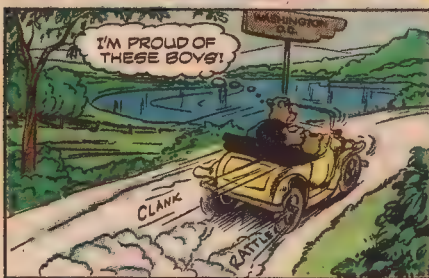
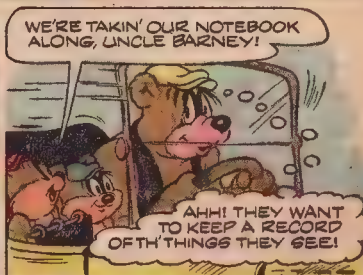
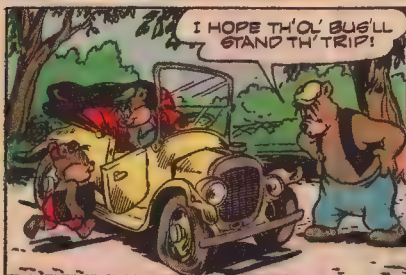
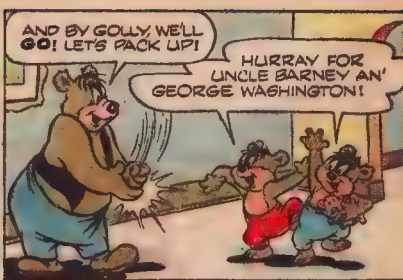
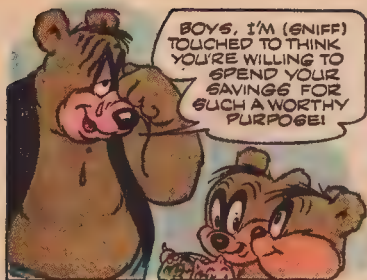


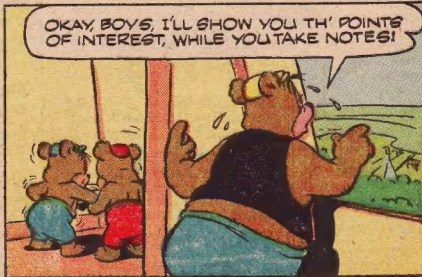
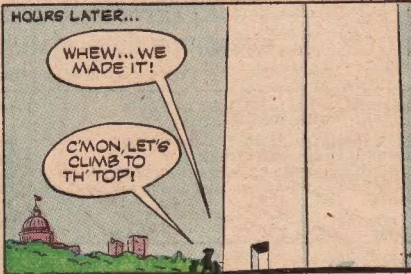
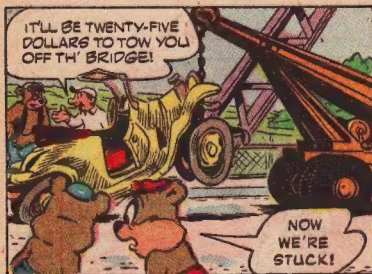
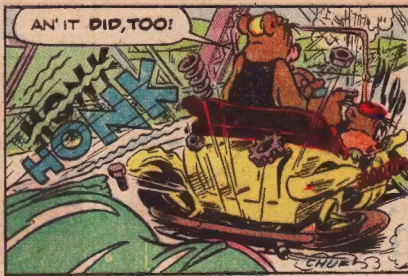
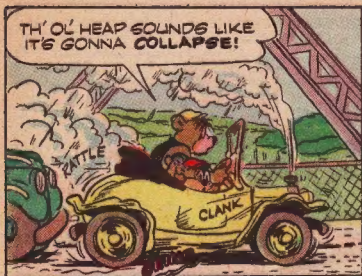
IT'S 555
FEET
TALL!

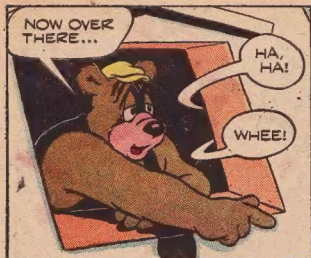
EVERY YEAR THOUSANDS
OF PEOPLE CLIMB IT TO SEE
OUR WONDERFUL CAPITAL!











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Name _____ Age _____
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 City _____ State _____
☐ 1 year \$1.00 ☐ 2 years \$1.85 ☐ 3 years \$2.70

Name _____ Age _____
 St. and No. _____
 City _____ State _____
☐ 1 year \$1.00 ☐ 2 years \$1.85 ☐ 3 years \$2.70

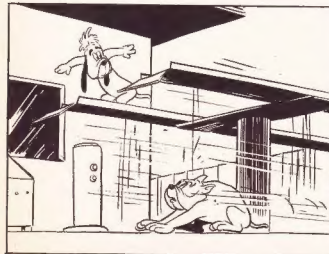
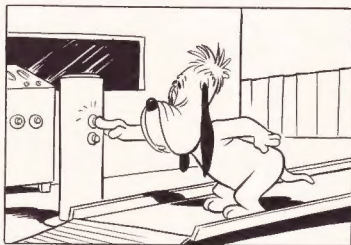
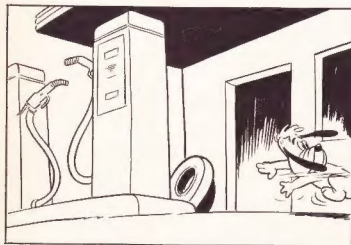
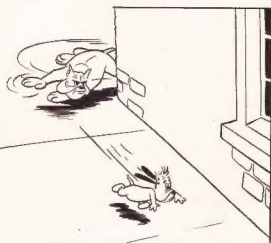
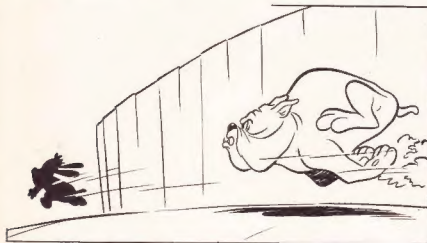
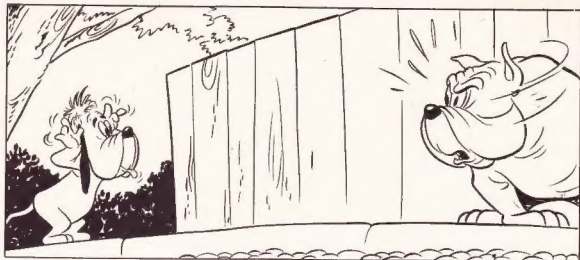
I am enclosing remittance for \$_____ in full payment.

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 Address _____
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DROOPY



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STOP..LOOK..

OH
BOY!



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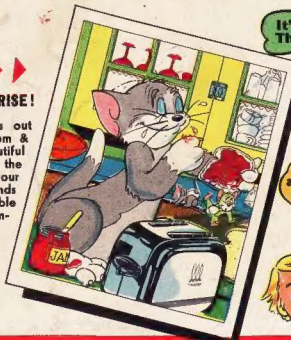
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